

*The History of*

Ranne fearfully among the trembling reeds.  
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow bank,  
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
Never did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*,  
Receive so many, and all willingly :  
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

*King*. Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou dost belie him,  
He never did encounter with *Glendower*,  
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devill alone,  
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.  
Art thou not a sham'd? but sirra, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*,  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
Or you shall hear in such a kinde from me,  
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,  
We licence your departure with your sonne :  
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it. *Exit King*.

*Hot*. And if the devill come and roar for them,  
I will not fend them : I will after straight  
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*Nor*. What? drunk with choler? stay and pause a while,  
Here comes your Uncle.

*Hot*. Speak of *Mortimer*?  
Zounds I will speak of him, and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not joyn with him :  
Yea on his part, Ile empty all those veins,  
And shed my dear blood, drop by drop, i'th dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*,  
As high in'th ayre as this unthankfull King,  
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrook*.

*Nor*. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

*Wor*. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

*Hot*. He will forsooth have all my prisoners,  
And when I urg'd the ransome once againe  
Of my wives brother, then his cheek lookt pale,

And

*Henry the*

And on my face he turn'd an eye  
Trembling even at the name of

*Wor*. I cannot blame him, w  
By *Richard* that dead is, the ne

*Nor*. He was ; I heard the  
And then it was, when the unl  
(Whose wrongs in us God pa  
Upon his *Irish* expedition ;  
From whence, he intercepted,

To be depos'd and shortly mu  
*Wor*. And for whose death,  
Live scandaliz'd and foully sp

*Hot*. But soft, I pray you, d  
Proclaim my brother *Mortim*  
Heir to the Crown?

*Nor*. He did, my self did h  
*Hot*. Nay then I cannot bla

That wisht him on the barren  
But shall it be, that you that f

Upon the head of this forget  
And for his sake wear the de

Of murderous subornation?  
That you a world of curses un

Being the agents, or base secon  
The cords, the ladder, or the h

O pardon, if that I descend fo  
To shew the line and the prec

Wherein you range under this  
Shall it for shame be spoken in

Or fill up Chronicles in time  
That men of your Nobility an

Did gage them both in an unj  
(As both of you, God pardon

To put down *Richard* that sw  
And plant this thorn, this can

And shall it in more shame be  
That you are fool'd, discarded

By him, from whom these sh